

Keeping Up... With Youth

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by Pamela Swift

CIA Recruiting

The War in Vietnam has caused more problems than it has resolved. One of these is the problem of recruiting competent university graduates for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Despite its honorable and brilliant director Richard Helms, the CIA has suffered a tarnished reputation among some students, not only because of its past infiltration of campus groups but also because of its clandestine operations in Southeast Asia as well as its cloak-and-dagger ambience, all of which is anathema to many young people.

Still, the agency needs recruits. How does it get them? One method is through open solicitation, and another is through covert means.

The open method is best exemplified in a recent interview in *The Daily Texan* with William B. Wood, the Southwest personnel representative for the agency.

Called upon and questioned by Danny Douglas, a young University of Texas journalism student, Wood is quoted as having said: "I want to make it clear that we do not run a clandestine organization, and there is no cloak-and-dagger purpose in our hiring students."

Wood, according to the interview, then went on to point out that professional opportunities existed in the CIA for seniors and graduate students of almost any discipline—journalism, physics, political science.

"We are also interested," he explained, "in students with foreign language knowledge, especially unusual languages like Laotian and Swahili."

Wood's pitch for young recruits was frank and forthright.

Now, consider another CIA approach. It is best described in the following letter recently sent to this department.

Dear Pamela Swift,

My curiosity was first aroused by a cryptic advertisement in *The Chicago Tribune* which announced, "Russian linguist important, interesting position for a person with native fluency in written and spoken Russian." I enclose a copy of the advertisement.

In spite of the fact that I am not a fluent speaker of Russian, I did major in Russian in college, so I sent off a letter of inquiry. Within a week I received a letter of reply with the heading, "Headquarters U.S. Army Research Translation Group."

I enclose a copy of the letter, with the word "colleague" misspelled.

After reading the letter several times I inquired through many friends about the U.S. Army Research Translation Group. I looked through several Department of Defense directories. No one seemed ever to have heard of it. I wondered what it was.

Again, curiosity triumphed,

and I phoned the telephone number given in the letter. A secretary connected me with Colonel Stratton. My conversation with him was relaxed and brief although it seemed to me that he spoke English with some sort of foreign accent.

Colonel Stratton warned me that the average student who majored in a Slavic language generally lacked sufficient command of the spoken language. I inquired about job details, and the colonel was rather hazy. All he would say was that the job entailed transcribing and translating Russian language tapes into English.

Classroom meeting

We arranged to meet at a military location, and I subsequently wandered around there for a while before I found the right room. It was a classroom with fixed seats.

Colonel Stratton turned out to be a man with gray hair and rather long sideburns, at least for a military man. He sat at the instructor's desk, and a younger man took a seat in the fifth row and off to the side. I was asked to sit in the first row.

The conversation was friendly, warm and informal. The colonel asked questions about my background and schooling, while the younger man took notes.

Colonel Stratton didn't seem terribly interested in me until at his invitation I began speaking Russian. He was surprised that I could carry on a simple Russian conversation, and that in addition I could speak other languages. He gradually grew enthusiastic.

He thereupon explained some of the job particulars. I would sign up after a training period in the U.S., for a two-year hitch overseas. If assigned to a "friendly" country such as West Germany, I would put in a 40-hour week in the U.S. Embassy translating the tapes. In a neutral country I would live incognito,

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The Washington Merry-Go-RoundPentagon PeepholeBy Jack Anderson

The word has come down from the highest Pentagon levels to find the culprits who have been leaking us information on some of the military's most secret (and most embarrassing) adventures.

Investigators have been busy grilling suspects behind the doors of room 3E993 at the Pentagon.

The gumshoes are most concerned about a series of columns we wrote which they believe were based on secret communications intended for the "eyes only" of such bigwigs as President Nixon's foreign policy sage, Henry Kissinger, and the Joint Chiefs'

chairman, Adm. Thomas Moorer.

The brass hats are particularly redfaced about our recent report that they have been intercepting South Vietnamese President Thieu's private communications, which are decoded by the National Security Agency and passed on to the White House and other agencies. The messages are identified by code name "Gout."

The U.S. is able to pick them up because South Vietnam uses American-made code machines, and U.S. intelligence experts are familiar with their construction and wiring.

The military brass also are upset over our discovery that Admiral Moorer received a "flash" message after the abortive Son Tay prisoner rescue mission which said the North Vietnamese prison compound had not been occupied for three months.

The Pentagon would also like to know how we learned that Air Force planes had been seeding the clouds over the Ho Chi Minh trail network to make the monsoon seasons even rainier. This novel means of flooding the enemy supply line is known as operation "Intermediary-Compatriot."

Lax Security

Actually, the Pentagon shouldn't be surprised that some secrets are getting out.

For some of the highest officials have been so sloppy about security.

Although he vigorously denied it, insiders say Paul Kearney, assistant to Joint Chiefs' Chairman Moorer, has sometimes phoned the Defense Intelligence Agency communications center on unsecured phone lines and had top-secret information read to him.

Men on duty in the communications center have reminded him that he was using an unsecured line. But he has dismissed their warnings, say insiders, with such comments as, "We aren't worried about that."

Also, admirals and generals receive telephone calls at home from the Defense Intelligence Agency when an important secret message has come in for them after hours. Rather than go to the Pentagon, the lazy brass frequently have the sensitive messages read to them.

Another possible source of leaks is the haphazard way in which copies of top-secret messages are finally taken away to be burned. They are put in large, candy-striped bags which may remain in a communications center for weeks until they are filled.

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